



The SAGA of The SWAMP THING

22
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U.K. 25p
MAR. 84

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



GET
THE NEW TEEN
TITANS
POSTER BY PEREZ

LOUISIANA.

LATE
SUMMER

ABBY?

ABBY, WILL YOU
JUST WAIT UP AND
LISTEN?

JUST FOR
A MOMENT?

JUST
LISTEN?

OKAY.

ABBY, WE'RE
NOT GOING TO
FIND HIM.

WE DON'T KNOW
FOR SURE THAT HE
CAME HERE AFTER
VIRGINIA. WE DON'T
EVEN KNOW IF HE'S
STILL ALIVE!

ABBY, LISTEN,
WE GOT PROBLEMS
OF OUR OWN.

WE HAVE TO
FIND SOMEPLACE
TO LIVE, WE HAVE
TO FIND JOBS...

WE
HAVE TO
FIND ALEC.

YEAH.
WELL, YEAH,
SURE WE DO...
BUT AFTER WE
GOT ALL THE
OTHER STUFF
STRAIGHTENED
OUT.

I MEAN,
WHERE ARE WE
SUPPOSED TO
START, FOR GOD'S
SAKE? LOOK AT
THIS PLACE, ABBY.
IT'S VAST.

IT'S VAST
AND IT'S GRAY
AND IT'S ALSO BEEN
RAINING FOR WEEKS
AND I'M TIRED AND
I THINK WE SHOULD
GO BACK TO OUR
MOTEL.

I MEAN, IS THAT
UNREASONABLE?

ABBY?



created by
LEN WEIN and
BERNIE WRIGHTSON

OH
GOD...



an ALAN MOORE:WRITER* STEVE BISSETTE and JOHN TOTLEBEN:ARTISTS*
LEN WEIN:EDITOR presentation, assisted by TATIANA WOOD:COLORIST* TODD KLEIN:LETTERS ②



MATT...

WHAT'S
HAPPENED?
THIS IS ALEC,
ISN'T IT? BUT
HE'S...

MATT,
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO ALEC?

MATT,
LOOK,
HE'S...

OH NO, MATT, LOOK,
HE'S ROOTED! HE'S
ROOTED INTO THE
SWAMP!

AND, AND... OH LOOK... HE'S GOT STUFF
GROWING ON HIM AND EVERYTHING!

OH
NO.

OH
ALEC...

ABBY, UH, LOOK, I
DON'T KNOW HOW...

PRELUH!
OH NO...

WHAT?

IN
HIS
ARM!

I SAW
AN INSECT!
THERE'S AN
INSECT IN
HIS ARM!

UH... LOOK,
YOU PROBABLY
IMAGINED IT...

PSSSHHT

I DIDN'T!
I SAW IT!

THIS IS
HORRIBLE. HE'S
DEAD, ISN'T HE?
ALEC'S DEAD.

NO.
NOT
DEAD.



I'M SORRY IF
I STARTLED YOU.

MY NAME'S WOODRUE.
DR. JASON WOODRUE.

I'M A
FRIEND OF
ALEC'S.

UH, YEAH,
US TOO.

I'M MATT CABLE,
THIS IS MY WIFE,
ABIGAIL. WE, UH,
LOST TOUCH WITH
ALEC AND FIGURED
HE MIGHT MAKE HIS
WAY BACK HERE.
HOW DID...

MATT, WAIT.
DR. WOODRUE...
JUST WHO THE
HELL ARE
YOU?

I'M A BOTANIST.
I'VE BEEN DOING
SOME WORK RECENTLY
FOR ONE OF THE BIG
INDUSTRIAL COMBINES.
THAT'S HOW I MET
ALEC. THEY'D
CAPTURED HIM.
AND...

WAIT A
MINUTE, THIS
IS SUNDERLAND
YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT?

YOU KNOW
SUNDERLAND?

OH WELL, YOU
KNOW, HE BLEW OUR
HOME UP A COUPLE
OF MONTHS BACK--
BUT OTHER THAN
THAT, WE AREN'T
REALLY WHAT YOU'D
CALL CLOSE.



AH.

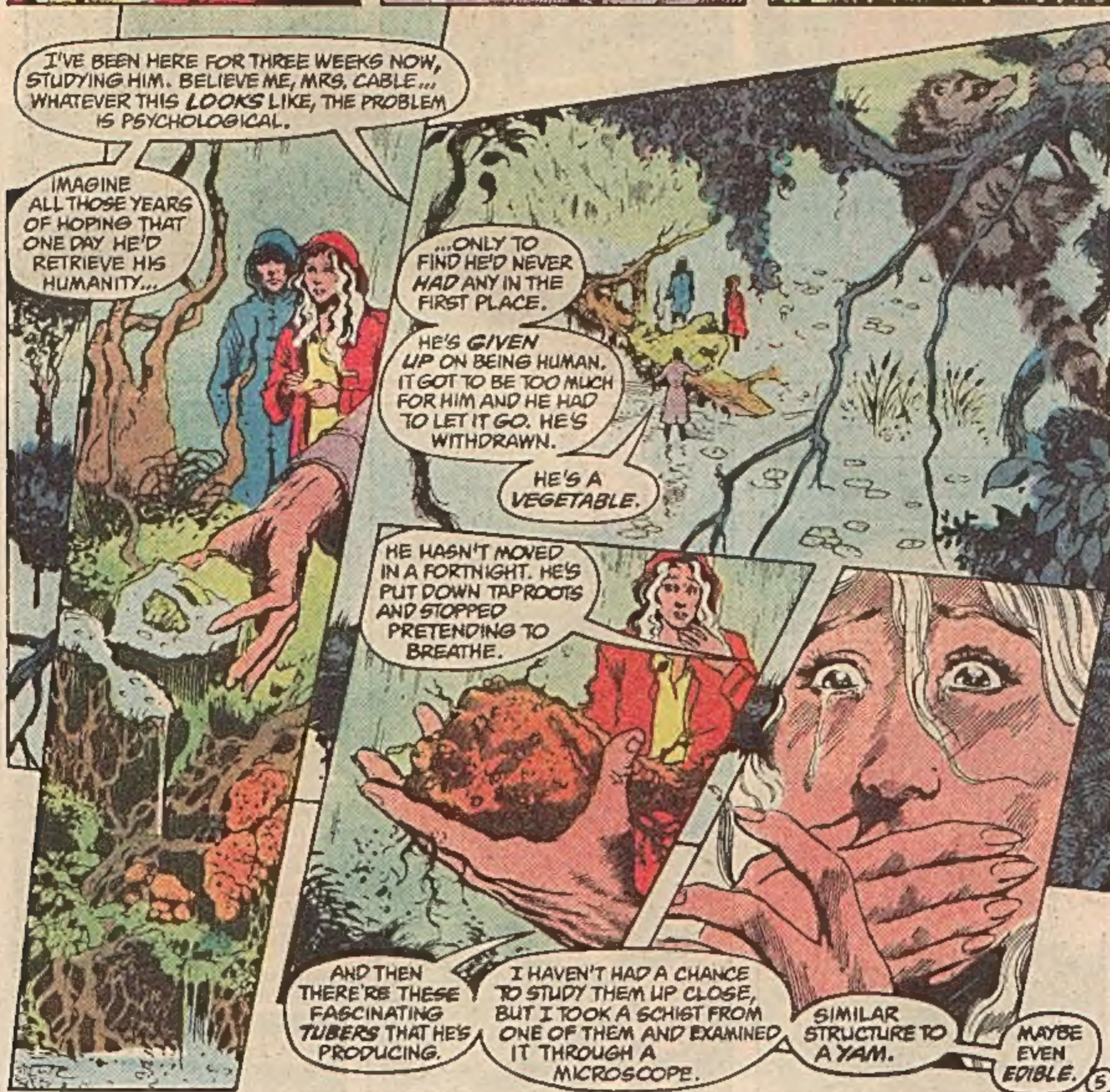
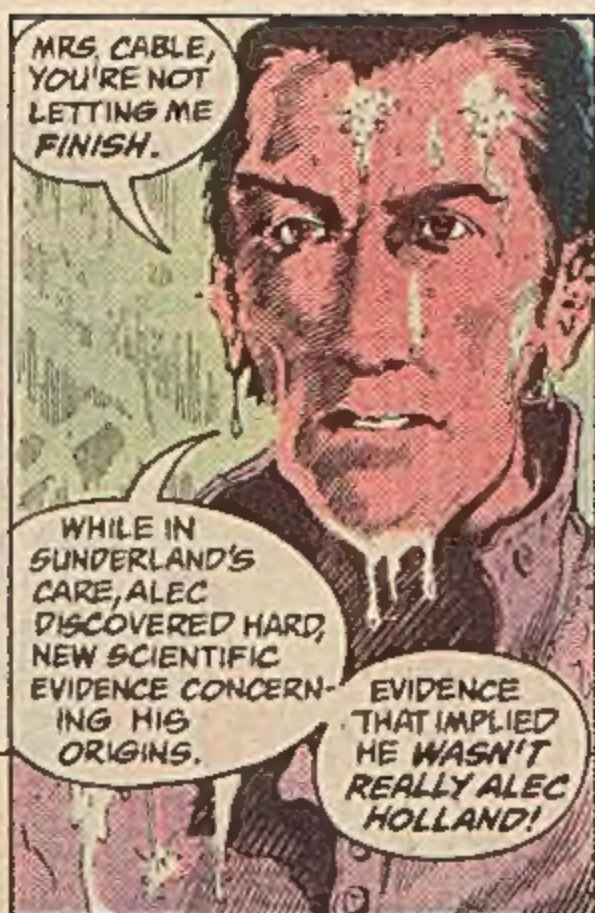
I SEE.

ALL RIGHT, MRS. CABLE...
YES, I WAS WORKING
FOR SUNDERLAND, AND
THEY HAD PLANS FOR
ALEC THAT I COULDN'T
GO ALONG WITH. I
DECIDED TO GET HIM
OUT OF THERE IN
ONE PIECE.



THAT'S
ONE PIECE?

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING.





HHRAUULP!

MRS. CABLE?



UH, LOOK DR. WOODRUE, ABBY'S NOT FEELING SO GOOD. SHE'S BEEN UNDER PRESSURE LATELY, AND WELL, YOU KNOW...

WE'RE IN A MOTEL JUST OUTSIDE OF HOUMA. I BETTER GET HER BACK THERE.

YES, OF COURSE.



MAYBE WE'LL BE BACK SOON. I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE WHEN ABBY'S RESTED...

I'LL BE HERE.

WELL, YEAH. GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CABLE.



THEY SPLASH AWAY, THROUGH THE SWAMP, THROUGH THE RAIN...



HOW CRETINOUS THEY ARE. HOW FRAIL AND SQUEAMISH...

...BUT REALLY, WHAT CAN ONE EXPECT FROM CREATURES MADE OF MEAT?



NOT LIKE US, EH, MY FRIEND?

NOT LIKE US.

YOU'RE MAKING THE CHANGE, AREN'T YOU? GIVING UP THE ILLUSION OF MEATHOOD AND SINKING BACK INTO THE SOFT AND WELCOMING GREEN.

IT IS BREATHTAKING TO OBSERVE.

HOW I ENVY YOU.





"HOW I WONDER
WHERE YOU ARE."

TO
ALEC!

TO
LINDA!

TO
ALEC AND
LINDA!

Times

IT'S A LOVELY WEDDING
RECEPTION, ALEC. YOU MUST
TELL ME WHAT'S IN THESE
HORS D'OEUVRES.

I...I THINK LINDA SAID
SOMETHING ABOUT
PLANARIAN WORMS.

ABBY...WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

WE
HAVEN'T
MET
YET...

OH, ALEC! DON'T BE SUCH A VEGETABLE!

LOOK, I MUST DASH...I SEE MY
UNCLE OVER THERE, TALKING TO MY
HUSBAND. THEY'RE INSEPARABLE
INSECTS, YOU KNOW...

YOUR UNCLE?
YOU MEAN ARCANÉ?
BUT HE'S DEAD...I
SAW THE BODY...

OH,
THAT WAS
JUST A
PLANT.
BUT THEN,
SO ARE
YOU...
'BYE.

ALEC...ALEC, I DON'T FEEL
VERY WELL. IT'S THIS
BULLET HOLE...

LINDA?

I'M SORRY,
ALEC. THIS
MEANS YOU'LL
BE A GRASS
WIDOWER.

LINDA? LINDA, I LOVE YOU!
PLEASE DON'T GO!

LINDA,
PLEASE...I'LL
BUY A
RESTORATIVE
FORMULA! I'LL
DO ANYTHING!

DON'T
LEAVE ME,
LINDA...

MATT... LINDA'S BURIED! WE'VE GOT TO DIG HER UP!

LEAVE IT TO ME, SON. I'VE DONE IT ONCE AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN!

ALEC... YOU CAN'T DIG IN YOUR WEDDING CLOTHES. YOU NEED A MUD-SUIT.

A MUD-SUIT? CAN'T I JUST WEAR MY LAB SMOCK?

DON'T BE SILLY. YOUR SMOCK WAS DESTROYED IN THAT EXPLOSION.

JUST PUT YOUR ARMS IN HERE...

NOW LET ME ZIP IT UP...

THERE. IS THAT COMFORTABLE, ALEC?

ALEC?

ALEC, ARE YOU OKAY IN THERE?

MATT, HE ISN'T BREATHING! THE LUNGS IN THAT SUIT HAVE NO CAPILLARY ACTION, REMEMBER? GET IT OFF OF HIM!

IT'S OKAY... THE SUIT'S ONLY MADE OUT OF MUD. YOU CAN SCOOP IT OFF IN HANDFULS...

JUST A LITTLE MORE...

THERE.

B-BUT...

BUT MATT... WHERE'S ALEC?

"ALEC ISN'T IN THERE."

SUNSET OVER HOUMA.

THE RAINS HAVE STOPPED. CLOUDS
LIKE PLUGS OF BLOODED COTTON
WOOL DAB INEFFECTUALLY AT THE
GLASHED WRISTS OF THE SKY.

SHE'S BEEN OUT
WALKING BY
HERSELF AGAIN.



SHE'S BEEN THINKING ABOUT MATT, SHE'S BEEN THINKING ABOUT WOODRUE,
SHE'S BEEN THINKING ABOUT ALEC AND EDIBLE TUBERS AND WHETHER
SHE'S LOSING HER MIND OR NOT...

JUST WALKING, THINKING, STUFF LIKE THAT...

SWAMPED.

SHE'S GOING
HOME NOW.

GOING
HOME TO
SLEEP.



MATT WILL PROBABLY
SIT UP ALONE AGAIN,
EATING PINK BURRITOS
IN THE CELLOPHANE-
BLUE LIGHT OF THE
T.V.



HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO
LIVE WITH SOMEONE AND
YET FEEL SO UTTERLY...

AND MATT IS A
...DRIPPING ...
...GULBS?



LIKE TRAPPED FLIES,
THE LOW BUZZ OF
WHISPERED LAUGHTER.

VOICES.
MATT'S...

...A WOMAN'S...



A WORD HERE, A BLURRED PHRASE
THERE... SOMETHING ABOUT
HONEY? SOMETHING ABOUT...
NO.

NO
SHE
COULDN'T
HAVE
SAID
THAT

WHO IS IT IN THERE?



WHO IS IT IN THERE WITH HER HUSBAND?

AS A CHILD SHE'D
WAKE TO THE
RESTLESS DARK
OF HER ROOM
AND KNOW THAT
SOMETHING
CROUCHED BEHIND
HER.



SOMETHING WITH QUICKLIME ON ITS
BREATH, WITH CURLING FINGERNAILS AND
A HEART THAT BRIMMED WITH MAGGOTS.



SHE'D LIE THERE, A STILLBORN
SCREAM CURDLING IN HER
THROAT, AND LISTEN TO ITS
SOFT AND LIQUID WHEEZING

AND, EVENTUALLY,
WHEN THE TERROR
OUTDISTANCED THE
REALITY, SHE'D OPEN
HER EYES...

MATT??

...AND
TAKE A LOOK...

SLAM!

YES?



...AND THERE'D BE NOBODY THERE.

COLOR NOTE - CABLE LIT BY T.V. SCREEN RADIANCE

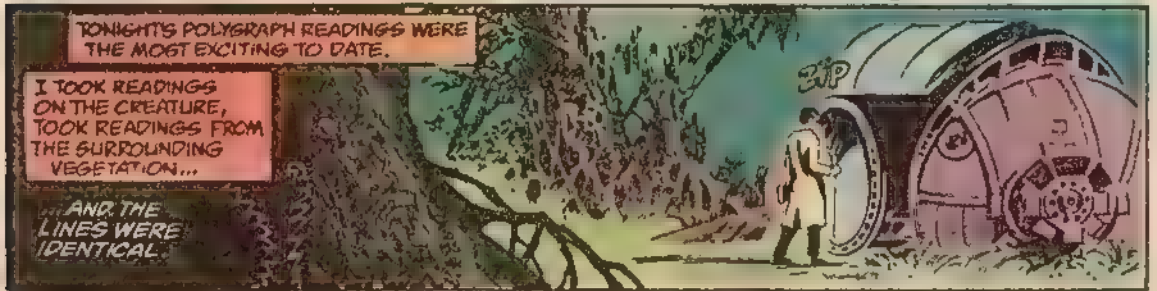


NOBODY
THERE
AT ALL

IT'S AS IF HIS HUMANITY HAS JUST LEAKED
AWAY DOWN THE SHOOTS AND STEMS,
DISSIPATING, TRICKLING OUT INTO
THE SWAMPS...



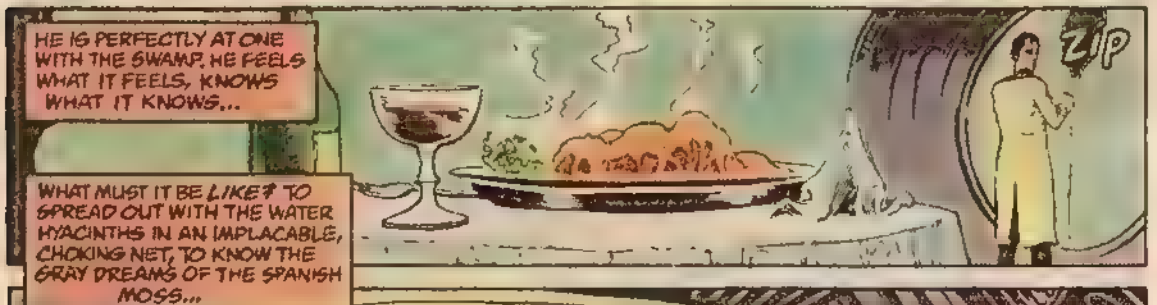
I WONDER WHAT IT WILL BE REPLACED BY?



TONIGHT'S POLYGRAPH READINGS WERE
THE MOST EXCITING TO DATE.

I TOOK READINGS
ON THE CREATURE,
TOOK READINGS FROM
THE SURROUNDING
VEGETATION...

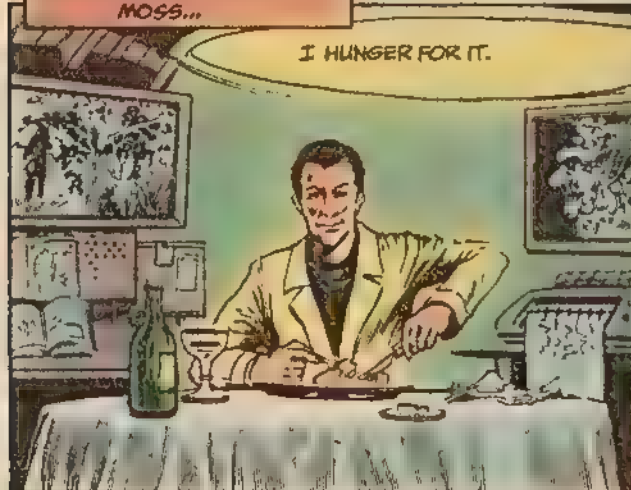
...AND THE
LINES WERE
IDENTICAL.



HE IS PERFECTLY AT ONE
WITH THE SWAMP. HE FEELS
WHAT IT FEELS, KNOWS
WHAT IT KNOWS...

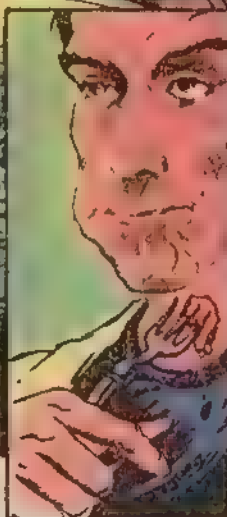
WHAT MUST IT BE LIKE? TO
SPREAD OUT WITH THE WATER
HYACINTHS IN AN IMPLACABLE,
CHOKING NET, TO KNOW THE
GRAY DREAMS OF THE SPANISH
MOSS...

I HUNGER FOR IT.



I HUNGER FOR THAT GREEN AND SILENT ETERNITY.

I...



JUST
AS I
THOUGHT.

PERFECTLY
EDIBLE



EATS!
COME AND
GETCHA
EATS!

IT'S OKAY, LINDA... I
JUST HEARD A VOICE...

WE CAN GET YOU HELP...
WHERE THERE'S A VOICE
THERE'S BOUND TO BE...

...PEOPLE?

HOWDY,
STRANGERS!
JUST IN TIME
FOR THE
BARBECUE!

WHAT CAN
I GETCHA?

IT...
IT'S MY
WIFE...
SHE
NEEDS... A
DOCTOR

WELL,
WHADDYA
KNOW?
AS IT
HAPPENS...



...THAT'S JUST
WHAT WE'RE
EATING! BIT DOWN
AND TUCK IN!

OH... BY THE WAY,
YOU'RE NOT JEWISH?

UH... NO... I
COME... FROM
HOLLAND.

GOOD.
THAT'S GOOD. WE'RE
ALL JUST PLAIN ARYAN
WORMS HERE, YOU
UNDERSTAND...

WELL, DON'T
STAND ON CEREMONY...
EAT! THIS STUFF'S
REAL BRAIN FOOD!



BUT...

BUT THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT.

HEY, YOU'RE JOKING, RIGHT?
YOU CAN'T REALLY BE THAT
GREEN?

WE LEFT YOU
THE BEST PART.

WE LEFT YOU
THE HUMANITY.

GET IT
BARE

TRY NOT TO LOSE IT.

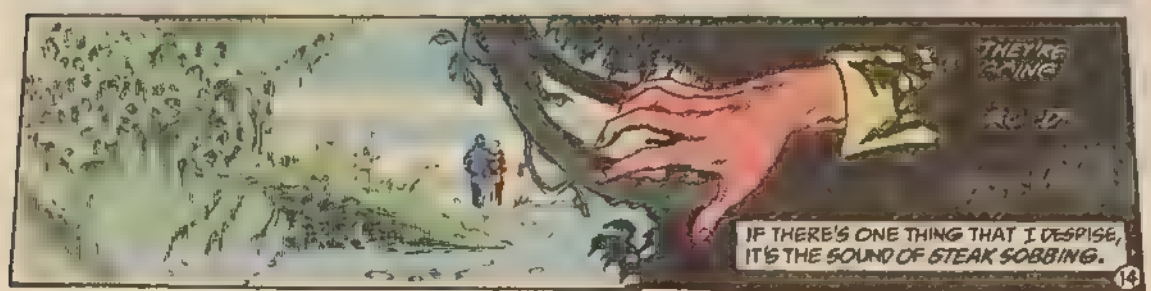
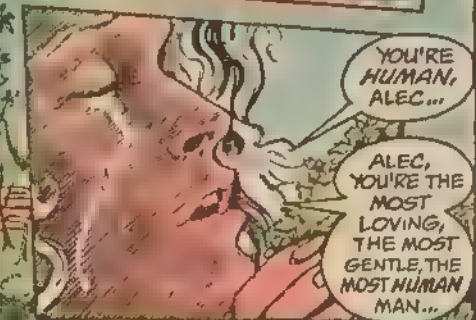
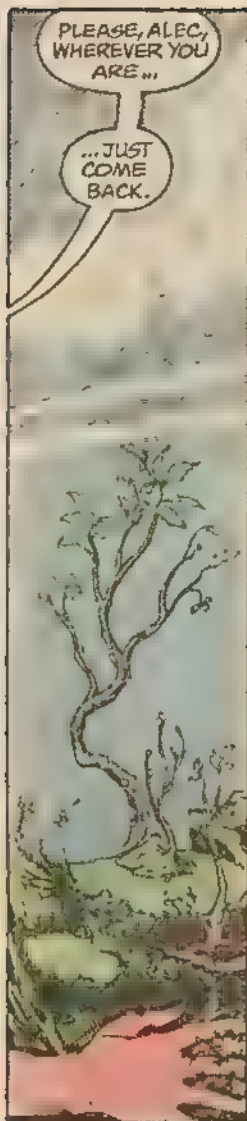


I'M... SO
SORRY, LINDA...

...BUT I
JUST CAN'T..
CARRY.. BOTH
OF YOU.



ALEC? ALEC, COME BACK.



I HAD NOT EXPECTED THEM BACK SO SOON AFTER YESTERDAY.

ANNOYING, STINKING CATTLE. THEY STAYED ALL MORNING.

I CANNOT TOLERATE INTERRUPTIONS NOW.

I AM CLOSE TO SOMETHING. I SENSE IT IN MY DEEPEST FIBER, I FEEL IT IN MY INNERMOST RINGS...

I WONDER, DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHO I AM? PERHAPS YOU READ MY WORKS ONCE, WHEN YOU WERE HOLLAND...

I AM A NOTED BOTANIST, YOU SEE...

...WHATEVER THE MEATWORLD CHOOSES TO CALL ME

MY SUCCESS WITHIN THE FIELD IS CONSIDERABLE. I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH PLANTS. IF I WISH I CAN EVEN CONTROL THEM...

...BUT I CANNOT KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE A PLANT.

MY INTELLIGENCE IS STILL TOO HUMAN, YOU SEE, TOO FAR REMOVED FROM THAT VIRIDIAN STATE OF GRACE...

I NEED AN INTERMEDIARY. I NEED A GO-BETWEEN...

WHEREVER YOU ARE, MY FRIEND, WHATEVER YOU HAVE LOST...

...YOU STILL HAVE SOMETHING THAT I WANT.





YOU'VE ALL...
TAKEN..
ENOUGH!

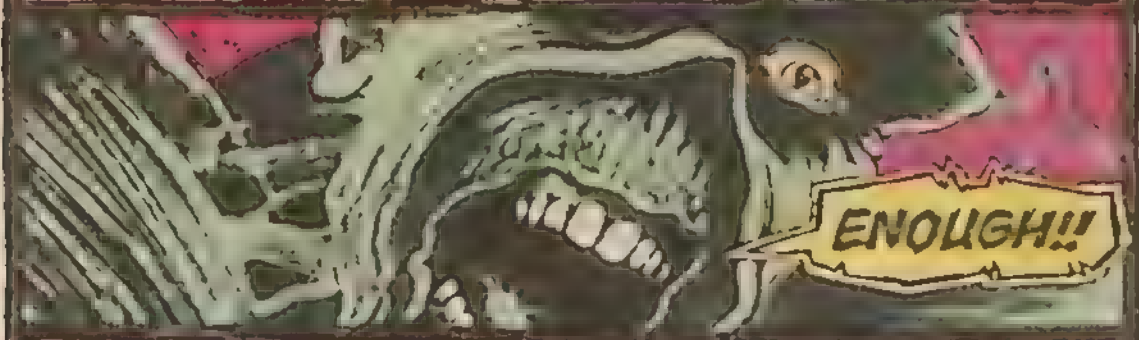
DON'T...YOU..
UNDERSTAND?



ENOUGH!

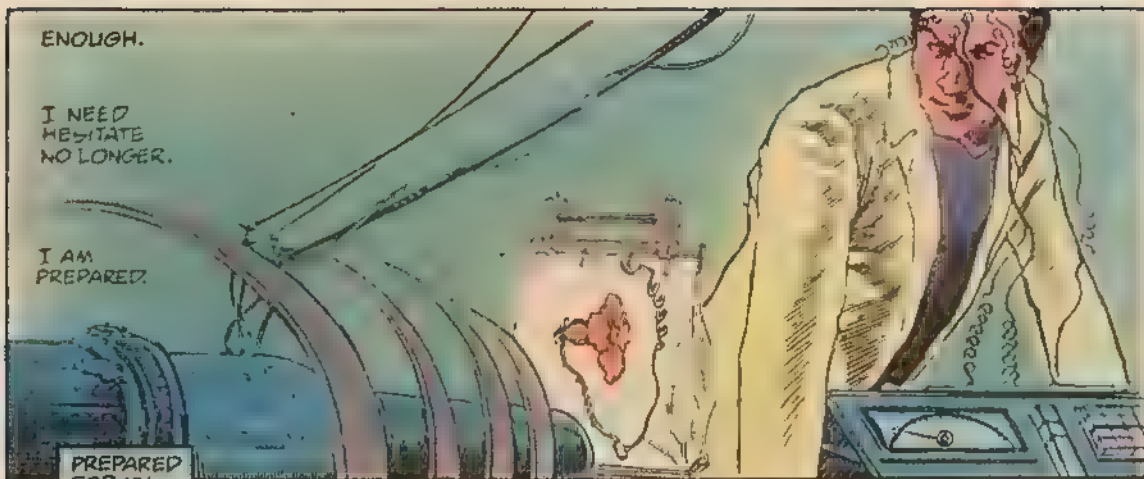


ENOUGH!



ENOUGH!!





ENOUGH.

I NEED
HESITATE
NO LONGER.

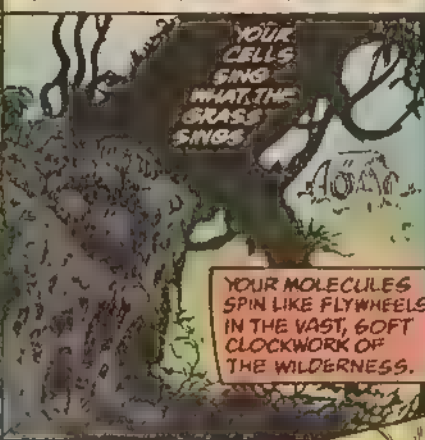
I AM
PREPARED

PREPARED
FOR MY
JOURNEY.



FOR MY GREEN
ODYSSEY.

AND YOU, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE
THE OPENER OF THE WAY.



YOUR
CELLS
SING
WHAT THE
GRASS
SINGS.

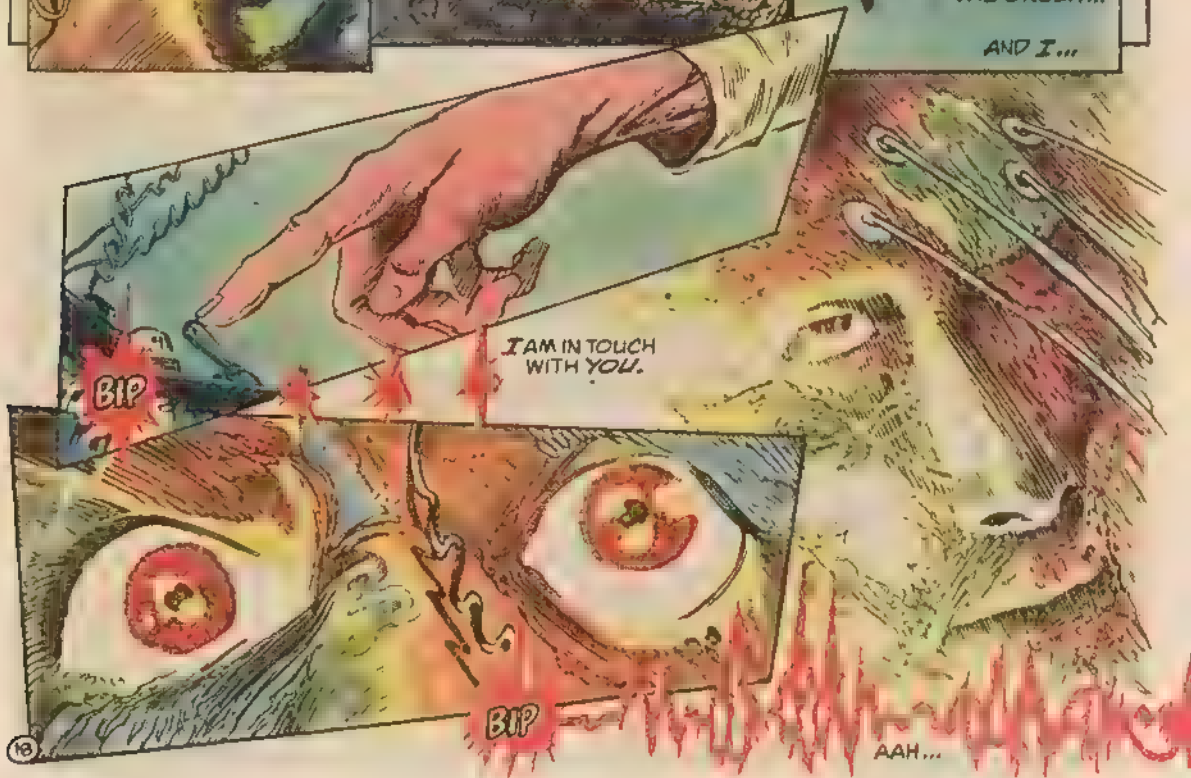
YOUR MOLECULES
SPIN LIKE FLYWHEELS
IN THE VAST, SOFT
CLOCKWORK OF
THE WILDERNESS.



YOU
ARE IN
TOUCH.

IN TOUCH WITH
THE GREEN...

AND I...



I AM IN TOUCH
WITH YOU.

BIP

BIP

AAH...

IT'S DARK.

IT'S COOL.

IT'S GREEN.

PLEASE...
LET ME...
REST...

NO, YOU CAN'T
REST NOW! IF YOU
SIT DOWN HERE,
YOU'LL NEVER GET
UP AGAIN!

C'MON!
KEEP GOING!
SHOW 'EM WHAT
YOU'RE MADE
OF!

YOU...KEEP...
NAGGING.

WHY SHOULD...
I CARRY YOU...
WHEN YOU KEEP...
NAGGING?

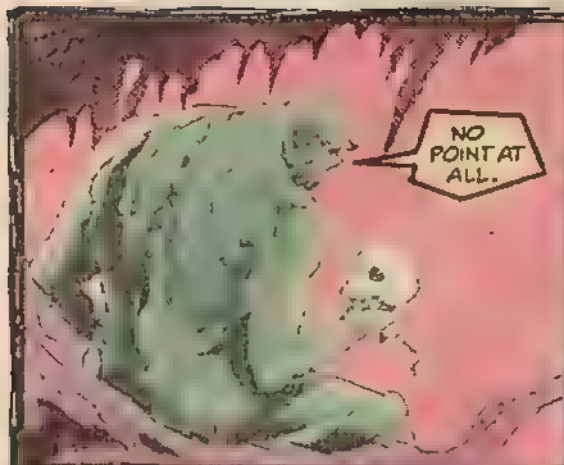
BECAUSE
I'M YOUR
HUMANITY.
I'M IMPORTANT.
I'M WHAT KEEPS
YOU GOING.

YOU
COULD LET GO
OF LINDA, BUT
YOU CAN'T LET
GO OF ME.

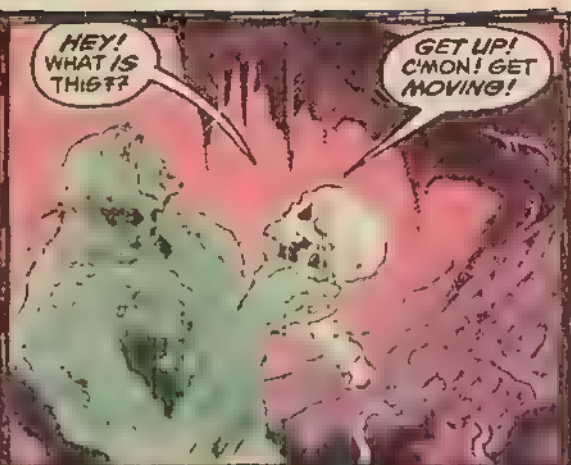
OH, I KNOW
I'M A LITTLE
BEATEN UP
AND BATTERED,
BUT I'M STILL
WORTH ALL THE
EFFORT,
AREN'T I?

AFTER ALL,
WITHOUT ME
THERE'D BE
NO POINT IN
RUNNING,
WOULD
THERE?

NO.

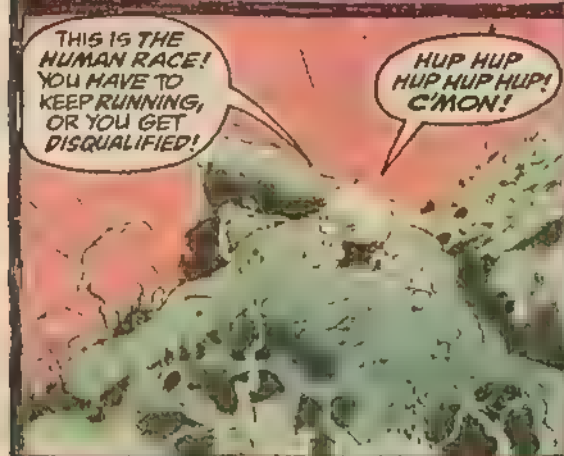


NO
POINT AT
ALL..



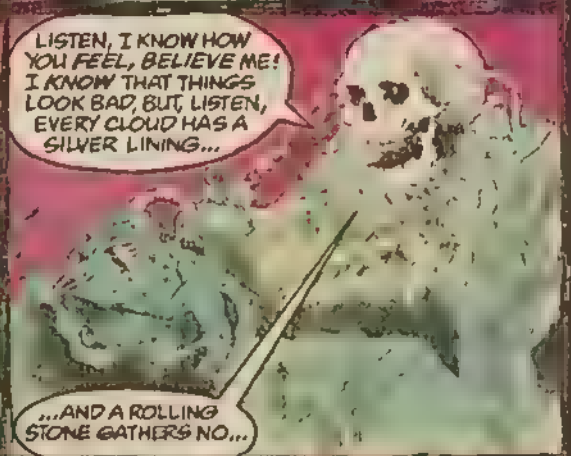
HEY!
WHAT IS
THIS?

GET UP!
C'MON! GET
MOVING!



THIS IS THE
HUMAN RACE!
YOU HAVE TO
KEEP RUNNING,
OR YOU GET
DISQUALIFIED!

HUP HUP
HUP HUP HUP!
C'MON!



LISTEN, I KNOW HOW
YOU FEEL, BELIEVE ME!
I KNOW THAT THINGS
LOOK BAD, BUT, LISTEN,
EVERY CLOUD HAS A
SILVER LINING...

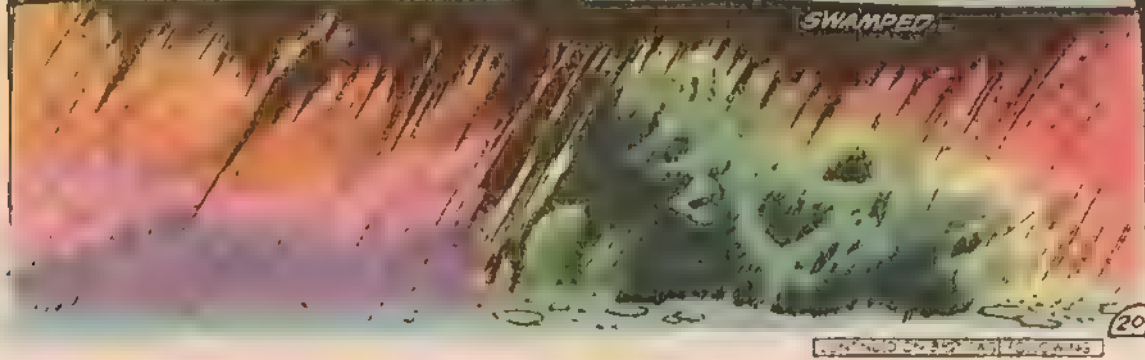
...AND A ROLLING
STONE GATHERS NO...



...RME.



SWAMPED



...BY ALIEN
EXPERIENCE,
BY NEW
PERCEPTION,
THIS FEELING,
THIS BURNING
COOLNESS...

MY ROOTS
DRINK THROUGH
THIRSTY
FILAMENTS,
THE RUSHING
LAVA-TASTE
OF THE
PHOSPHATES,
THE LANGUID
HYDRAULIC
BALLET...

I...

AM...

THE
PLANT.

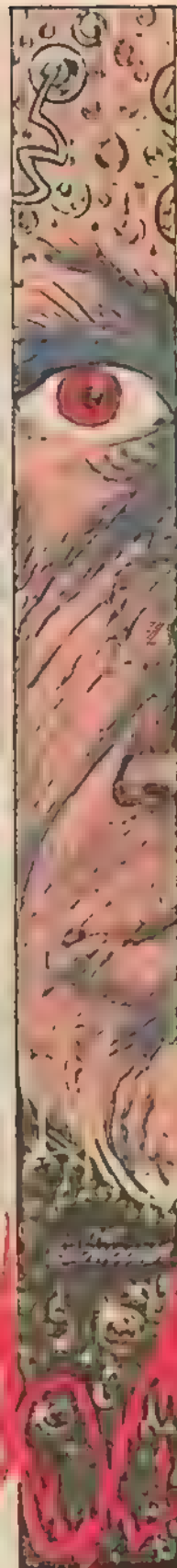
...AND BEYOND
THE PLANT?

WHAT? I SENSE
SOMETHING...OTHER
CONSCIOUSNESSES,
PRESSING IN...



...AND THE TREES!
I...AM...THE TREES.
A ROOF OF MOSS HANGS
ABOUT MY SHOULDERS...

I FEEL THE INTRICATE
GENIUS OF THE LIANAS...
THE CHANT, THE MELESS
WISDOM OF...



BUT HOW...

...FAR AWAY...

...IS THE
NEAREST...

...REDWOOD?

HOW FAR AM I REACHING?
NOT NORTHERN CALIFORNIA?
...I...

AM I THERE?
WITH A YELLOW
ARCTIC POPPY UP
ON THE SLOPE OF
ALASKA. SO
COLD.

SO...

...I DRIFT WITH THE
SEAWEED, OFF SAMOA.
SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIA
I INCLINE TOWARD THE
SUN AS A FIELD OF
SHINING GOLD,
AND I...

NO!
ENOUGH!

NO!

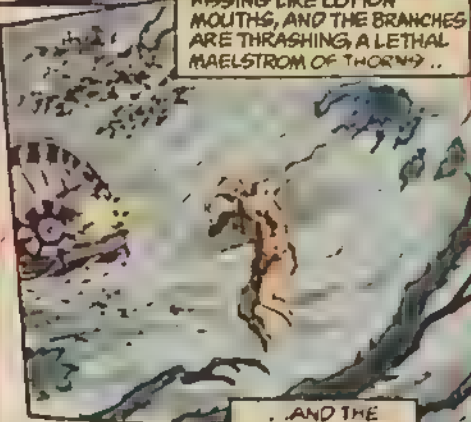
FEEL THE CHROME
DUSTINESS OF
AUSTRALIA, THE TEEMING
UNDERGROWTH...



AND BIRDS ASLEEP
ON PHONE-LINES
ERUPT IN TERROR...

...AND THE SHINING EYES
AND THE CREEPING TEETH
IN THE TALL GRASS
FREEZE, MOTIONLESS...

...AND THE LEAVES ARE
HISSING LIKE COTTON
MOUTHS, AND THE BRANCHES
ARE THRASHING A LETHAL
MAELSTROM OF THORNS...



...AND THE
FLORONIC MAN
IS SCREAMING.

BIP

SHRAK

...BY ALIEN
EXPERIENCE,
BY NEW
PERCEPTIONS,
THIS FEELING,
THIS BURNING
COOLNESS...

MY ROOTS
DRINK THROUGH
THIRSTY
FILAMENTS...
THE RUSHING
LAVA-TASTE
OF THE
PHOSPHATES,
THE LANGUID
HYDRAULIC
BALLET...

I...

AM...

THE
PLANT.

...AND BEYOND
THE PLANT?

WHAT? I SENSE
SOMETHING... OTHER
CONSCIOUSNESSES,
PRESSING IN...



THE GRASS OUTSIDE
IS LIKE A MILLION SILVER
BLADES THREATENING
THE MOON AND



...AND THE TREES!
I...AM...THE TREES.
A BOA OF MOSS HANGS
ABOUT MY SHOULDERS...

I FEEL THE INTRICATE
GENIUS OF THE LIANAS...
THE GIANT, TIMELESS
WISDOM OF...



BUT HOW...

...FAR AWAY...

...IS THE
NEAREST...

...REDWOOD?

HOW FAR AM I REACHING?
NOT NORTHERN CALIFORNIA?
SURELY, I...

...AM WITHERING
WITH A YELLOW
ARCTIC POPPY, UP
ON THE SLOPE OF
ALASKA. SO
COLD.

SO...

**NO!
ENOUGH!**

BIP



...I DRIFT WITH THE
SEAWEED, OFF SAMOA.
SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIA
I INCLINE TOWARD THE
SUN AS A FIELD OF
SIGHING GOLD,
AND I...

NO!

...FEEL THE CHROME
DUSTINESS OF
AUSTRALIA, THE TEEMING
UNDERGROWTH...

SHRAK



...OF
AFRICA...



...OF THE
AMAZON
BASIN...

AND BIRDS ASLEEP
ON PHONE-LINES
ERUPT IN TERROR...

...AND THE SHINING EYES
AND THE CREEPING TEETH
IN THE TALL GRASS
FREEZE, MOTIONLESS...



...AND THE LEAVES ARE
HISSING LIKE COTTON
MOUTHS, AND THE BRANCHES
ARE THRASHING, A LETHAL
MAELSTROM OF THORNS...



...AND THE
FLORONIC MAN
IS SCREAMING.

...AND SCREAMING...



...AND SCREAMING...



PLEASE, JUST...



...STOP?



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO?



...AND SOMEWHERE IN THE WRITHING JUNGLE OF HIS MIND, THE SMALL AND SCARED MAMMAL THAT WAS JASON WOODRUE TWITCHES ONCE...

...AND THEN LIES STILL.



IT BEGINS TO RAIN BLOSSOM.

HE IS THE FLORONIC MAN, AND ALL THAT WAS ONCE HUMAN IN HIM IS CONSUMED.

ENGULFED.



SWAMPED.

23

NEXT: ANOTHER GREEN WORLD.



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Dear Len Wein,

I thought it only fair to write and tell you that *Swamp Thing* has been pleasantly surprising me. I originally only got the book to collect it, but I've really enjoyed what's been going on up till now.

Issue 16, the last one I read, had all the hallmarks of the strip so far: good cover, intricate story (sometimes I have to re-read it just to get the full gist of it), and solid interior art. Everyone who has worked on this mag has obviously given their best. I especially enjoyed the work of the Hampton brothers, and hope to see them in these pages again soon.

Finally, I just want to say how good it is to hear that Alan Moore will soon be at the writing helm of this magazine. That man is nothing short of absolutely brilliant, and he's been crafting some truly amazing stories on this side of the pond. Americans who haven't yet sampled this man's work are in for a real treat, as are we all. Getting him was a stroke of genius, Len. Well done.

With Alan Moore looming on the horizon, *Swamp Thing* can only get better. I look forward to it.

ROGER MYERS
43 Winchgrove Rd.,
Priestwood II,
Bracknell, Berkshire,
England RG12 2EJ

I must be Alan's biggest fan on this side of the Atlantic, Roger, so I'll only add "Hear, hear!" to every word you type. As far as getting Britain's best to work here at DC, Len just spent the last week on your isle, hanging out with the likes of Brian Bolland, Kevin O'Neill, Dave Gibbons, and the aforementioned Mr. Moore, so get set to see lots more of their work in our mags!—Joey

Dear Editor,

Although SOTST has now been going for sixteen issues, I don't think it's too late to congratulate you on an absolutely fantastic comic.

I was addicted to the first *Swamp Thing* series, and when it was so abruptly ended, I was really disappointed. When I learned that it had started up again, I was overjoyed (to say the least) but confused to see that Alec Holland had somehow become the Swamp Thing again, and that no explanation was given (until a later issue, that is).

Anyway, to get to the point, I have just read issue 16 and am thrilled to see the direction the story is taking, with the re-introduction of Abigail Arcane, etc. The

only fear I have is that SOTST, like the first volume, will suddenly end, due to whatever misfortune caused its predecessor to end. So please, *Swamp Thing* crew, could I have an assurance that SOTST will not one day vanish like its original, leaving me heartbroken a second time?

MIKE NUNN
1 Ashley Street,
Stoke,
Ipswich,
Suffolk, England IP28DS

Another epistle with a foot-long address! Ah, Mike, a faithful readership is our guarantee of long life! Clear? With more fans like you, we'll be around for many months to come!—Joey

Gents:

Regarding SOTST #16, I am very happy. For the first time since 1976 I am happy about what is being done with *Swamp Thing*.

I gave the revival four or five issues to get going before I began writing nasty, outraged letters. I tore up the first one because I thought maybe I hadn't given Yeates and Pasko enough time. I tore up the subsequent increasingly angry letters because they were too venomous and I figured you'd assume I was someone who would only be happy if I time-traveled to the mid-70's and the original stories. Not so, as evidenced by my reaction to #16.

Absent are the convoluted, unbelievable plots, the artwork cramped by narrative, the continuity botched by too many panels of nonaction. One of my primary complaints about the first thirteen issues was that a comic is supposed to be visual as well as literate. What I consider the failure of these issues to achieve a harmony of words and pictures I attribute equally to writer and artist. I want to make clear that my euphoria over #16 is not solely due to the departure of Mr. Yeates...

...Although I much prefer the work of Bissette and Totleben. Without being wholly derivative, they have captured the mood of the original to an extent that Yeates only approached but never fully reached. Close-ups of Swampy are particularly impressive in #16. I liked the Hamptons' work in #14-15 but felt their backgrounds were better than their figures, and I found the two-part story entirely mediocre.

This story ("Stopover in a Place of Secret Truths"), however, was so utterly satisfying that I had to read it twice—I was so pleased. Marty, in thirteen

issues you never once captured the guts of Swampy as well as you did in this one issue. (I can't wait to see why Linda's grave is empty and why Abigail Arcane is working as a waitress.) The plot was truly engrossing and well in keeping with my perceptions of the character; its sentimental aspects were engaging and the ending was a superb, tear-jerking twist.

All in all, I am extremely grateful that I did not stop buying the book after #13. I almost did. I only stuck with it because I thought, "At this rate, they'll cancel the book soon, and I might as well have the whole run." But I've changed my mind: I don't think cancellation is in store for *Swamp Thing* at all.

MINDY MCADAMS
301 Tenth Ave.,
New York, NY 10001

Hear that, Len? Mindy's on board: our jobs are safe.—Joey

Dear Swamp Gang,

Well, if we can't have Berni Wrightson and if we can no longer have Tom Yeates, Stephen Bissette and John Totleben will do nicely. Very nicely.

I may hate future developments, or I may love them, but if the past few issues are any indication, I won't be bored.

RACHELLE STEIN
419 E. 76 St.
New York, NY 10021

And Rachelle's not bored. We may parlay this into a Christmas bonus if we play our cards right. Actually, Rachelle, a typical sight here at the DC offices is all of us gathering 'round as Len cuts open the Federal Express package when Stephen and John's artwork arrives. Tons of fun, and seeing it first is just one of the fringe benefits of working at the new DC. Another is getting letters like the next one.—Joey

Dear Len,

I've just finished reading SOTST #16 and I must say that I truly enjoyed it!

There are many "good" comics being produced today, but a truly sensational book is hard to come by. Far too many writers and artists are willing to settle for putting out a good book, when they could put out a *great* book. SOTST is a great book. The art is super, but it's Marty Pasko's story that made the book great. I sincerely hope that we have not seen the last of the "place of secret truths." I am glad that the team of Pasko/Totleben/Bissette refuses to

settle for good, choosing instead to strive for great!

JIM WEAVER Jr.
1111 Linden Ct.,
Jefferson City, MO 65101

For a moment there, I thought we were in the Sugar Frosted Flakes business. Now a few words from a correspondent with a unique filing system.—Joey

Dear Marty and Accomplices,

Your comic is sinking faster than a hippo in quicksand. Let's face it. I have very high standards when judging comics, and based on my observations of each previous issue, I find that each month I'm forced to place you even further down in the stack. I'm sorry, but that's the way it is. I cannot compromise my standards, and your high quality would be more esthetically pleasing near the "spectaculars" at the bottom than the "goods" at the top. I hope you understand.

I'm surprised at the quality of the art that Steve and John are putting out. As newcomers, their work is better than that of most seasoned artists. I can't wait to see how they do with more experience. Their art seems to have a three-dimensional quality you usually don't see. I hate to say it, Tom, but you've met your match. Much of this is due to the unique hatching technique of John Totleben, which complements, without overpowering, the pencils of Steve

Bissette. It almost seems like they're sneaking photos into the artwork. Are those concentric circles of bloody red droplets radiating from the maid on page six supposed to mean that she's screaming bloody murder? Great symbolism if it is. I also like the animal cameos. All too often in other books, the backgrounds are just scenery with no inhabitants. Thanks, Steve.

I'm sorry I didn't do much raving about you, Marty, but what can I say that everyone else hasn't?

DAVID ALAN WRIGHT
24 Burr Ave.,
Middletown, CT 06457

Dear Editor,

Something strange is going on in ST #16. There are masks of two-headed Martians and masks of Venusians in the attic, along with a poster advertising an appearance of Booth Templeton. A poster in town is for the Cliffordsville Drive-In. Also in town are Tim Riley's Bar, Peaksville Banking and Loan, and an office of the New Life Corp., near the corner of Randolph and Maple Streets. The Sunnyvale Rest Home is here, too. What's going on here? Wait. That signpost up ahead—Homewood, Willoughby. Alec Holland has indeed entered the Twilight Zone!

Another item that caught my eye besides references to Twilight Zone and Night Gallery episodes was the waitress

at the New Moon Diner. Could it possibly be Abigail Arcane? It looks to be old home week, which pleases me no end.

RICHARD E. BARTLETT
52 Kensington Dr.
Chelmsford, MA 01824

Submitted for your approval... this man, one Stephen Bissette...an artist who has just bought himself a home video recorder and is using the pages of this magazine to brag about it.—Joey

Dear Len,

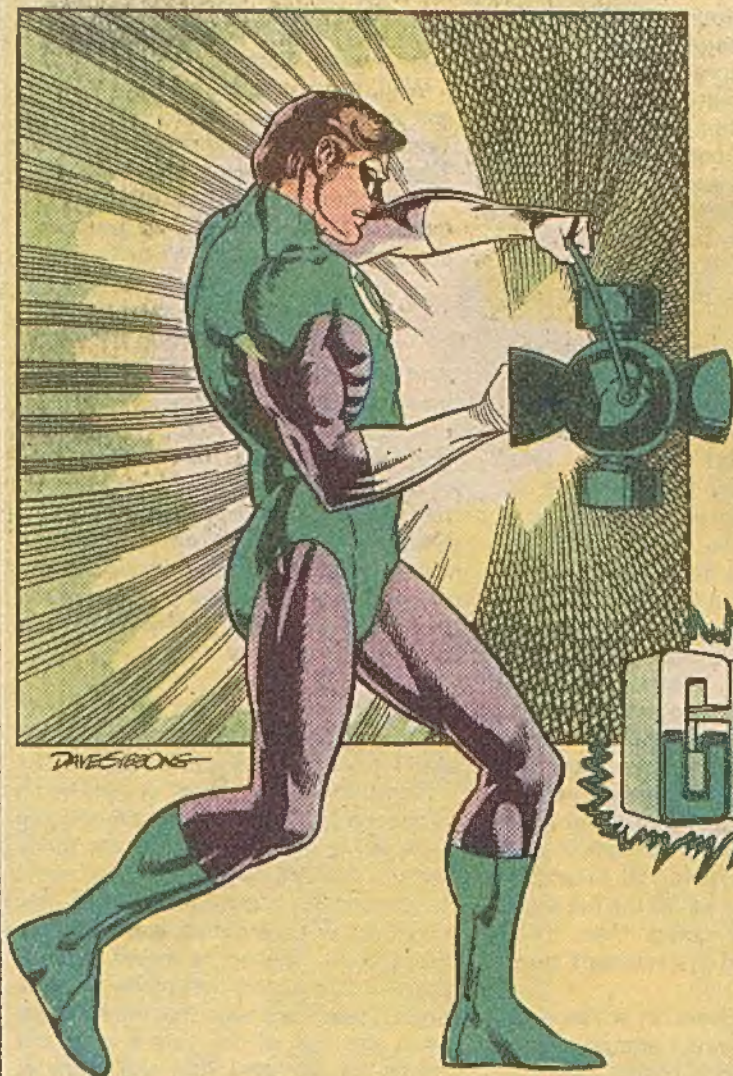
ST #16 followed suit with the rest and was great. I loved it. Keep up the good work, team.

And please, don't let *Swamp Thing* be cancelled like DC's other nonsuper-hero title, *Night Force*. That was a good one, and I hated to see it go. Please don't let this go. I couldn't bear the death of another favorite mag.

GARY W. CONNER
357 S. Linden Ave.,
Waynesboro, VA 22980

Do you guys think we cancel comic books for spite up here? True enough, most of our super-hero books get quite a play, but Swamp Thing has developed—as you've no doubt noticed if you've read this far—a loyal and vociferous following. And it's a large enough one to keep Swampy shambling for some time.

And he'll be slogging again in another thirty days. Be here then!—Joey



LEN WEIN AND DAVE GIBBONS
WILL TAKE THE EMERALD
GLADIATOR PLACES HE HAS
NEVER GONE BEFORE...
TO NEW FOES!
NEW FRIENDS!
NEW THRILLS!

THE **NEW**

GREEN LANTERN

IS COMING...
AND HE'S COMING
FOR YOU!